

# ATA-File #21K





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This issue is going out to contributors and to those who have paid the slightly exorbitant price of \$1.25 +postage. Copies of APA-Filk#1 are still available for 75¢ each and postage (total: \$1.03).

APA-Filk is a quarterly apa for filksingers. We welcome filksongs and discussions of filksongs, and other relevant and irrelevant material (i.e., Dave Klapholz, Absolute Prince of New Juisey, keeps threatening me with instructions on how to build your own mandolin or dulcimer or perhaps tape recorder (instructions: take a piece of wood. Cut away anything that does not look like a mandolin or dulcimer; or recorder). People who hit minac (four pages a year or one page an issue) will receive this for cost. Others will have to pay more, to discourage deadheadism. Make all checks payable to Robert Bryan Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598, and send your contributions there also.

For those who do not have access to printing facilities, I have an electronic-stencil maker and a Gestetner mimeograph. If I run material off for you on my machine, it will cost you 35¢ for each sheet or part thereof. If I electro-stencil it for you, it will cost you an additional 35¢ per page. Postage is variable, but unless I see you, you will have to pay for delivery. Send me a few bucks and I'll keep the books.

There will be no editing of material unless requested. However, the management reserves the right to not receive or even lose particularly billious items.

On formatting: since I lot of people take their filksongs and bind them in a looseleaf book (I do, too), it is heartily suggested that people use very wide margins. Like this page.

Lee Burwasser will be keeping an index of the songs published here. She and I request that you inform the apa (or her at least) of what filksongs have been sung. This will allow us to throw the deadwood out from our files. See Lee's contrib for info.

And now, to make sure you know what is going on:

DEADLINE FOR APA-FILK #3: 1 AUGUST 1979

COPY COUNT FOR APA-FILK #3: 50 copies.



SOMETHING OF NOTE #2

Something of Note is produced for the second collation of APA-Filk, due to take place on the first of May 1979, by Robert Bryan Lipton who resides at 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598 and who is

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE  
QUANTITY PUBLICATION  
# 314

extremely fond of producing sentences that go on and on and on and...

~~~~~

I was both pleased and disappointed by the collation last time. I was pleased because it ran over twenty pages, which is damned good for a new apa; and I was disappointed because, when I was huckstering copies at Boskone, despite the favorable immediate reaction, almost nothing new has come in. Of course, I am writing these words at the end of March, with over a month to go before the next collation, but we shall see.

Lee Gold was at Boskone with Barry, and there was a series of fine filksings, especially at the New York Conspiracy party on Saturday. The official filksing, with Filthy Pierre leading, was a bit less impressive, due to the fact that it was set up by the Boskone people running off a mini-hymnal of about twenty pages. It was filled with The Old Favorites, which are fun, but I like to hear new songs. The Golds provided those, new to me at least.

There was a bit of discussion on filksinging at the Con Suite on Saturday afternoon, and there was quite a bit of discussion on the different styles of filksinging throughout the nation. East Coasters prefer communal style singing; Midwesterners like to have artists (if no one objects to the phrase besides myself) perform solo; while the West Coast is midway between the two, preferring to build songs with easily repeatable choruses. An oversimplification, of course. I actually prefer the West Coast idea, although I also like to join in singing so that my voice doesn't have to do all the work (and those who have sung with me will tell you that the more my voice is drowned out, the better). Still, when, say, Barry Gold is singing, it is a pleasure to simply sit and listen.

However, I look on filksinging as more than a spectator sport. I enjoy singing and the sense of actively participating in a filksing.

One of the ideas I got at Boskone was the idea of letting each other know what songs we have that others may not, so they can be exchanged. I handed Lee Gold my extra copy of Filthy Pierre's microfilk in exchange for her promise to xerox and send me copies of songs which I do not have. But it struck me that there would, very likely, be a more general purpose to this. It might be very worthwhile to list songs which we have and are willing to send each other.

Naturally, there should be Standard Texts, songs which are available in in-print hymnals. I would suggest that we use as Standards the following works: The Filthy Pierre Microfilk, available from him for, I believe, \$8 at 9909 Good Luck Road, Lanham, Md. 20801; The New York Conspiracy Hymnal, available from Greg Costikyan at P.O. 865, Brown University, Providence, R.I. 02912; Bruce Pelz' two collections, for which I have neither price nor address (Greg's work, by the way, goes for \$1 through the mail); SLOBINZONGBUK, Slobbovian Songs, available from me for 25¢ and postage, which is now 28¢, for a total of 53¢; and, if they ever get back into print, the NESFA and HOPSFA Hymnals.

Next issue I shall start to list the songs I have which are not available in these sources nor in extant back collations of APA-Filk.



There will be considerable overlap, but I would suggest that whoever out there has filksongs not listed in these sources, nor in others which they know to be available, to list them. Then, if there is no copyright trouble, we may actually be able to get something done.

While at Boskone, I had a frustrating experience, to wit: it seems that Lee Gold gets the same ideas I do. She had the idea of writing "I Don't Understand the Arisians," to the suitable tune from Gigi and Bruce Pelz took her up on it. Even more frustrating, she had written a song called "Crottled Greeps" several years ago. I wrote one in 1976 and sent it in to Greg for the NYC Hymnal. Her viewpoint was that Crottled Greeps are great; mine was of getting crottled greeps when you haven't ordered them. Interestingly, both are to the tune of "Goober Peas." Strange.

And, a bit of advice before going on. I heartily recommend support of the Filk Foundation. Annual dues are \$15. For this you get Kantele, which is their journal, and various discounts on such things as the FilkCon they intend to run in July. For information, write them at Box 9911, Little Rock, Ark. 72219.

In the meantime, let's see what there is to say about the pieces in collation #1.

#### ONE MORE TIME

COVER[Mark Blackman] When I suggested this cover to you, Mark, I hadn't expected that there was an actual model, one of Disney's Silly Symphony cartoons from the 1930s: The War Between the Musical Islands, or something. Perhaps I had seen it on The Mickey Mouse Show back in the fifties and it had slipped to my subconscious.

QWXB!! [Greg Baker] You wish you had a folksinger's prestige. I wish I had a folksinger's money. A rich folksinger. That bowdlerization of Bastard King was clumsily done.

FILKSONGS, OLD AND NEW [Harold Groot] The problem with going to the "Old Standards" that everyone knows is that, eventually, the tunes begin to repeat too often. "Greensleeves" is listed as the original of twenty-eight songs in Filthy Pierre's Microfilk, and there are at least a dozen others that are listed as "Can be Sung to Greensleeves." "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" has been similarly overused; and the constant borrowing of the tune of "Drunken Sailor" would be less disastrous if every one didn't use exactly the same scheme and form of lines. Drunken Wookies, drunken spacemen, Hobbits and Vikings overrun the place, and, no doubt, we will get Comyn, Vulcan, Flandry, Robot, and so on, increasing the nauseum that has passed the ad stage. In "Russia & Turkey" I would suggest the second line be changed to "They sent olive branches and doves."

QUAGMIRE #1 [Shut up, Evan] If you are going to claim that the old alternating sf with fantasy scheme "restricts creativity," well, why bother to filk at all? Write prose, or stand on a corner and mutter to yourself. Presumably, filksongs, and all songs, are a form of poetry, and thus subject to self-imposed rules.

FILKOFILIAC #1 [Mark Richards] Considering the titles of your other apazines, this is a great disappointment. As for your effort at writing a filksong, it is totally ridiculous. The only reason to submit a filksong that you are not fully satisfied with is to get criticism on it, something which I prefer to get from people when I initially try one out (please note that the Golds have offered criticism for "Where Have All the Martians Gone" later in this, which was gratefully accepted). The only purpose for this is to



meet minac, which is an unacceptable excuse. I don't demand that you be good. I do demand that you try. future efforts will be lost unless something improves.

Songs which I enjoyed in this collation (besides mine own, of course) are Greg Baker's "Reflection on a Starship Barbarian"; "The APA-Filk Anthem" also by Greg; Harold Groot's "Russia and Turkey" (which can stand a bit of improvement); and Boardman's "A Moral Victory."

Attention! I found an address for Bruce Pelz: it is Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Ca. 90024. It may very well be out of date, and the prices of his "Filksong Manual" is certainly out of date because parts 1-3 have been reprinted together since. Send him \$2 or so and see what happens (no comments, please, John).

And now, let's get on to the "creative section." A list of what filksongs I have had the nerve to publicly sing from the first collation will appear later, after I attend Lunacon.

Anyway, on to the songs! The first one was provided by Lew Wolkoff, whose entries into the field include "Gorean Priest-Kings" and Bayer-Meinhof Goes Rioting On.

#### THE FAKE FOOD SONG

TUNE: You, You're the One  
You, you're the one;  
We've got hot plastic for you.  
Food on the run,  
That's lacking all food value.

Polychloral hamburgers,  
Styrofoam milkshakes:  
You won't find much real food  
In what McDonald's makes.

At McDonald's,  
We've got fake food for you.

The subject, despite John Boardman's reasonable comments that the fast food chains provide a minimum standard that is certainly higher than the dying "Greasy Spoons" (with which agreement I concur; I've eaten in some real G.S.s out west), caused me to think of the following reply:

#### HAVE IT OUR WAY!

TUNE: Burger King & I  
Who's got the best hamburgers in the whole, wide world?  
Burger King? My eye!  
We never fry our burgers, we cannot add more grease.  
Four ounces in each whopper is in fat. It's in the lease.  
Who's got the highest-priced lard in the whole, wide world?  
Burger King. Don't buy.

From which abysmal effort, we continue onward with various efforts. The first one is in a new form for me, a more sercon filksong than I have attempted in the past; sercon because it discusses science fiction seriously. Or as seriously as I ever get.



## WHERE HAVE ALL THE MARTIANS GONE?

TUNE: Where Have all the Flowers Gone?

Where have all the Martians gone

From our pages?

Where have all the Martians gone?

No longer there.

There are no Mars residents.

Mars lacks the key elements.

There isn't enough air.

No water anywhere.

Wells's martians attacked Earth.

Octopus folk

Levelled half of England then

Died out from Germs.

Wells's martians cannot be:

Too strange to eat you and me.

There isn't enough air.

No water anywhere.

Burroughs' green egg-layers, go!

Go to Krishna!

With your swords and blaster guns

You're not from Mars.

Remnant technos, disappear.

There's no place for you, I fear.

There isn't enough air.

No water anywhere.

Fred Brown's green men, razzing Earth

Are just silly.

On Mars they'd dry up and die

And blow away.

Midget pranksters all around;

But amusing as you sound,

There isn't enough air.

No water anywhere.

Heinlein's martians living life

In three phases

Are a pleasant idea but,

Pure fantasy.

V.M. Smith could never be:

Grokking, loving, eating thee.

There isn't enough air.

No water anywhere.

What is there to see on Mars?

Big volcanoes.

There's no Martians, there are but

Meteor holes.

Vacuum, cold, no H<sub>2</sub>O,

How could Martians survive so?

There isn't enough air.

No water anywhere.



I take it that no one out there objects to some discussion of how I go about writing songs. My method of writing songs (and of anything else) is to get an idea (or, in the case of a song, a line), saying "That's neat," and storing it for a bit. After a period of time, depending on what sort of schedule I have my time on, I sit down and type out the remembered pieces, adding in other items that have occurred to me, and filling up the spaces as well as I can. I then put it away for a few days (if I am going to draft the thing), then come back, pick out the bad stuff and substitute new ideas.

What this is is an easy collaboration between myself and my sub-conscious mind, with my subconscious doing all the work. On the preceding song, I wrote most of it at one crack; put it aside for a bit; came back and said "Hey! If Wells' martians are mentioned by author, why not do that for the entire song?" I then threw out two verses and wrote two more, on Burroughs & Heinlein. I left it for a few more days, came back, realized I had forgotten the classic Little Green Man martian, and, since the only of that sort I could bring to mind was Brown's Martians, Go Home, I did that. When I came back a few days later I began to change individual words, worry over the grammatical error in the last verse, decided to let it stand, and put it away until Boskone, when I tried it out on the Golds. Barry complained that the singing had to be paced strangely to be sung with the tune, which I thanked him for and ignored. I like working out a syncopated work; Lee, however, complained that the 5th and 6th lines of the first verse (which were "Where have all the martians gone?/ There is no life on Mars, none") seemed clumsy. I put it away and, a few days later, riding the subways, came up with an alternate, which I forgot by the time I got home. I was only mildly annoyed by this because, if it had been really good, I would have remembered. A couple of days ago, the correct lines came to me while I was trying out the acoustics of the shower, and that was basically it. I made one small change while typing the final draft for SOMETHING OF NOTE #2, and that was it.

If this makes it sound as if I don't have to work hard to get even the effects I do, well, all I can say is that my subconscious works hard; and I rarely sit down to write something before it is all ready in my mind. Or at least, when I do sit down as soon as I get a good kick-off idea, either I sit, staring at the paper or produce crap.

The next song was composed under somewhat odd circumstances. A few weeks ago I was transcribing songs from The New York Conspiracy Hymnal into my private collection and came across an attempt by Stephen Tihor and Scott Rosenberg to compose a song to "A Wand'ring Minstrel I." Being something of a G&S enthusiast, I took a close look at it. It ran:

A wand'eing monster, I, a beast of claws and fangs,  
Of death and hunger pangs.  
I'll get you by and by.  
I munch on human flesh and pace the halls of dungeons

After which came the note "And that's as far as we've gotten."

Two things occurred to me instantly. First, that "luncheon" would make a good Gilbertian rhyme for the fourth line; and that the first line was a syllable short. So I took it apart and came up with the following:



## A FEARSOME MONSTER

BY: Robert Lipton, Stephen Tihor &amp; Scott Rosenberg

TUNE: A Wand'ring Minstrel, I

A fearsome monster, I,  
Composed of fright and terror;

Be sure to make no error:  
I shall get you by and by.

I munch on human flesh  
And pace the halls of dungeons,  
Invite my friends to luncheons  
Of wimpled maidens who cry  
(the wimples repeat by and by).

Are you in an archaic mood?  
I'm a dragon's brood  
With wings and fire.  
Don't think that you're Saint George.  
On you'll I'll gorge  
Ere you expire.  
Compare my shining scales  
With your dull armor's mail  
Ere you expire.

But if you're wanting something from the future,  
I'm futuristic monsters out of time.

I'm a mutant or a robot. Does that suit you?

Or I am a simple protoplasmic slime.

The horrors of the past are naught compared to

The horrors of the future that will be,

And if you are not lucky you'll be spared to  
Suffer terrors that you will see!

But if you think monsters cannot be,

Just take a look around.

Between the Mansons and I.T.T.,

And the shows you can watch on TV,

You'll know your thought's not sound.

To sit about staring at boob tubes

May suit the hoi polloi,

But the happiest hour a monster knows

Is when he's dealing out deadly blows,

And eating up small boys,

And levelling Tokyp town.

So kill the monster if you can  
(it doesn't always work)

Try an army or rayguns or bronzen swords.

They may kill him or he may get bored

And may kill heroic jerks.

A fearsome monster, I,

Of no particular shape,

A sphinx or a giant ape,

Or even a man-headed fly.

I shall get you by and by.



A couple of Philcons ago, discussing filksongs with the New York Conspiracy (which action was understandable in view of Greg's having just produced the New York Conspiracy Hymnal), I began to complain that too few songs were being used to build filksongs (see my comments to Harold Groot this). What, I was asked, were the alternatives? Sitting around, I began to compose the following song, then gave it to Tom Gould to work on. Tom, in his imitable manner, did nothing, so a couple of months ago I brushed off the idea to write the end of

#### THE FAKEFAN'S SONG

BY: Robert Lipton

TUNE: I Get by with a Little Help from my Friends

If I showed up at a con would you help?

Would you pay up to register me?

Lend me ten bucks and some space on the floor,

And I'll stay at this worldcon for free.

C For I can fan with some help from my friends.

H I'm my own man with some help from my friends.

Do what I can with some help from my friends.

I know my zine's been due Real Soon Now for years,  
But being late isn't a crime.

I'll type up the stencils and ink the machine

As soon as I can find the time CH

Just what kind of fan am I?

I'm a trufan to my peers.

What's my qualifications?

I have been fanning for years.

Been going to fanoclasts for a long time,

And people know I'm a BNF.

I show up at each meeting promptly at nine,

And talk about things non-SF. CH

And, speaking of personalities, he interposed subtly, I was sitting about Lunacon this year, going through my filksongs, when I came to "Oh No, John, No." Why, says I, 'tis a pity that the song was about John Campbell, because I know someone to whom it would apply just as well. My unsuspecting straightman asked to whom I referred, and in twenty minutes I wrote the following song, which I call

#### A LIBELLOUS LULLABY

BY: Robert Lipton

TUNE: On No, John, No

Out in Flatbush is a homestead,

And upon its second floor

Stands a group of gamefen groaning

At puns they've heard thrice before:

Oh, no, John, no, John, No, John, no!

"Last year I supported Nixon.

Those who change their minds are deranged.

This year I'm opposed to Nixon.

Surely this is not so strange."

Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John no.

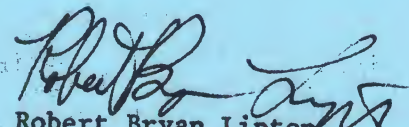


"Well, then," said John Boardman, scowling,  
"Since you think my humor shows lacks,  
Why don't you go to Manhattan  
Where you can here Schwartz and Sacks?"  
Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John, no!

And I think eight pages and six songs is far more than enough. Just a few words of clarification: the HOPSFA and NESFA Hymnals (the former of which Filthy Pierre claims to have seen in proof) are still not out, and it may be a long, long time before they actually appear. Filthy Pierre's Microfilk hymnal is \$7 in its present form, and Filthy says he intends to up it when he gets ten more pages of good material which, by his system, is one hundred songs. In the meantime, he claims he is sitting on material twice as numerous as what is in his microfilk because he does not know the tunes involved.

And I think that is enough, so

Abyssinia,

  
Robert Bryan Lipton

PS: Before I forget, songs from #1 sung at conventions (Boskone, PrinceCon & Lunacon) are Reflections of a Starship Barbarian (twice); the Apa-Filk Anthem (3 times); Holy Weed (once); A Moral Victory (once). Greg Costikyan also reprinted "The Last DipCon" in URF DURFAL, GRANDSON OF POUCH.



# STRUM UND DRANG

SUD VOL I, #2

No, that's not a typo. It's STRUM UND DRANG vol I #2, from Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton Street #5, Hyattsville MD 20781. It will be inflicted upon anyone rash enough to get APA-FILK #2

First, news from the Copyright Office. Precise details on who has what rights are strictly a matter of contract between yed and contributors, into which the Copyright office has no intention of getting. Just fill out the old forms -- or rather, the new forms -- for the whole pizza, and divvy it up as you please when you get it home. So we're doing fine.

Next, a word from the indexer. Unless the title of your zine is very short, I'm going to have to shorten it for the index entries. There's only so much space on a 3x5. As you can see up there under the big-letters-on-top-of-the-first-page, my brand new title shortens to SuD. If you, too, want to shorten yourself, stick the Official Shortened Version somewhere nice and visible up near the full title. Otherwise, I shorten it myself. (Heh-heh.)

and so we get to the  
t w a n g s

GREG BAKER: What do you call the people who still sing the eternal songs just as they did before folk music went commercial? // Nice side margins, tho on the second-last second side -- please paginate! == you ran a bit close. That none in longhand at the bottom pf page one is illegible on my copy; better no do any more longhand notes with your current repro. // The untuned-song reminds me of something I heard once at a Markland bash; something about "as long as I can do it in the mead hall".

BOB LIPTON: To avoid confusion with Letters of Comment, I abbreviate Library of Congress 'LC'. // Unless I change my mind before November, I will simply accumulate 3x5 cards thru four issues, and type up the resulting list to go in the fifth. Then I start over for the fifth thru eighth. I keep tally on the 3x5 of how often the songs are reported sung, which decides whether the card gets retained, retired, or thrown out.

HAROLD GROOT: Watch your side margins. // Hm. Some day I'll sing you some in-joke SCAdian songs, and you can guess on those. In fact, there may be room for it thisish.

EVAN JONES: Watch your side margins. // Without rules, there is no game. Fourteen lines of iambic pentameter is not a foolish restriction on the game of connet, it's what makes a sonnet a sonnet. Alternating verses is part of what your sign up for when you play the YMM game; there are few enough rules that



we surely can follow the ones that we've got.

MARK RICHARDS: Skoal!

and now I have to think up something to say \*sigh\*

Actually, I'd better continue introducing myself, since that was a pinkie-nail sketch in VI#1. Also, I better put some songs in this thing.

The only g\*a\*m\*e I play is D&D. I have written but one D&D song, and not even a complete song at that. Just the first verse and chorus, and if anyone has ideas, write 'em up and we'll have a D&D YMM.

Dungeon Song.  
tune: Tachanka

See the elves and dwarves and hobbits,  
Strolling gally down the hall.  
See the ogres hack off gobbits,  
Hear the helms and armor fall.

cho: Ah, the dungeon expedition marching  
Thru the trolls and ogres foul.  
See the D M roll the dice and chortle:  
Hear the anguished players howl.

For those who don't know "Tachanka", I found it in the FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS, an ancient book that's lost so much of its front matter that I'm afraid I can't give you more than the title.

As for songs about SF or unreasonable facsimile, I've only done a couple of those. The inevitable YMM verses:

When I shipped with Helva, she was quite a pal.  
Wish I could say the same for old Niall.  
But he gave me quite a Turn  
When he told her "Head for Pern.  
Mind the Threads and don't get burned,  
Now, that's my gal.

We didn't find the dragons, for they'd shifted back in time.  
I asked the Harper what was up: He couldn't even rime.  
So I bred them up from lizards in a century or two,  
And that's about the greatest thing that man will ever do.

The funny line-arrangement in the first verse is to show off the extra rime I threw in. Pern is in both verses because it's as much SF as fantasy and vice-versa. I've no idea how 'Niall' is pronounced, but I decreed a rime with his favorite line.

My one STrek song is a filk of a filk. Those who remember the high days of the Horde, doubtless recall Azrael's "Terror of Mongolia". Azrael also sang the song it's based on, "Pride of Petrovar"; as silly a set of words as ever wasted a good tune. It was along about this time that I wrote:



Pride of the Imperium  
tune: Pride of Petrovar.

That's the Morning Star the devil fell from:  
That's the world from which the hordes of hell come,  
And anyone who wants the place \* is welcome:  
That's the world that spawned the Klingon horde.  
Resource-poor, but wealthy in their pride,  
Out across the lightyears the Klingon warriors ride,  
Victory in their vanguard and destruction at their side:  
Who hasn't heard about the Klingon horde?

cho 1: Kang, my friend, your marksmanship is grand,  
But ever since the say my sensors found your Klingon band  
I've been very wakeful, with a phaser in my hand.  
I've heard about the mighty Klingon horde.

A point perhaps too obvious to mention:  
Their range is in perpetual extension.  
And none stays long in doubt of their intention;  
Who doesn't know about the Klingon horde?  
Never take the worser part, if someone else is worst.  
Do unto your neighbor, lest your neighbor do it first.  
Kang with Kirk and Kirk with Kang are mutually cursed:  
The hard-luck tale of all the Klingon horde.

(cho 1)

The Federation seems, \* despite the sermons,  
On wanton acts of sabotage determined.  
The Feds will stoop \* to wage their wars with vermin.  
Anything against the Klingon horde.  
It's a tribble-phobia, you see.  
We're still not clear on what the cause of it can be.  
But the fuzzy-faces hate them, and that's good enough for me:  
We'll sic the tribbles on the Klingon horde.

cho 2: Kang, I thought I'd never see the day  
I'd be glad to hear about the Klingons on the way.  
Better make it snappy, or the Feds'll get away,  
They've heard about the Mighty Klingon Horde.

The neutral worlds, their hands upon tomorrow,  
Need all the help that they can bribe or borrow.  
But some have learned, \* to their eternal sorrow,  
How the Feds oppose the Klingon horde.  
Peaceful folk who've never had a row,  
Never killed their neighbors. We're here to teach them how.  
Against the Prime Directive, but \* never mind that now!  
We have to beat the mighty Klingon horde.

(cho 2)



The \* marks the half-lines that I speak rather than sing. Always the last half.

I think I'll leave the SF songs for now, and try a SCAdian in-joke for Harold. The SCA is a song-generating milieu comparable to SF, and at certain times and places the songs can get extremely topical.

This one hasn't a title, it's just:

Ephemera  
tune: God Rest Ye

Attend, ye noble Easterlings, and do not fret ye more,  
Nor yet reproach your king because his years are but a score.  
Although the youth is beardless, he is tempered in fell war,  
And a proven tactician, he --

Strategy!  
Who has faced down the dread Flossie\*

Frankly, I doubt anyone can figure it out entirely who wasn't at the '78 Inter-Kingdom Tourney down Carolina way.

Gee, lots of white space.

Eventually, I may put illos in these things, but not just yet.

Well, the last kind of filk I do is songs on generally SF or fantasy themes, but not tied to any given piece of SF or fantasy. I lack the room to give examples this time, since I'm not going to run over four sides. Nextish, maybe

And of course, limericks. Fitting into all categories.

Along learned paths gaily tramping,  
And on pseudo-scholarship stamping.  
Atlantis to Thera,  
Whatever the era:  
Pack up! It's time we're deCamping.

The climate here could not get bleaker,  
And I just wish the folks here were meeker.  
But by brass and by guile  
I'll get rich on this isle --  
Hey! brother, pass me the beaker!

Here's a translation pedantical  
Of verses first written romantical.  
A moral commission  
Of ancient tradition,  
Found in the Canticle Canticle.

The revel lasts all of the night.  
Lords and ladies in finery bedighty.  
The music doth swell:  
The dancers look well --  
Once they learn the left foot from the right.



# O O P S !

Looks like I go into a third sheet after all. I promised to tell you about the Atlantean Songbook, didn't I?

For those less than familiar with east-coast SCA, the Principality of Atlantia is the southern section of the East Kingdom; the Carolinas, Virginia, DC, and the southern tip of Maryland. We are currently striving to attain kingdom status.

Among the requirements for 'going kingdom', as we say, is a demonstration of kingdom-level activity. Well, thinks I, a songbook ought to help; its very existence testifies to the making and singing of songs, while the contents celebrate Atlantean deeds. I'll put out a songbook.

Thus light-heartedly, I issued a call for songs. Any song written at least in part by an Atlantean, and presented at some SCAdian event, please send a fair copy to Styrbjörg Ulfedhnar [that's me] care of the ACORN [that's the local newsletter].. I announce it at events, I stick a squib in the ACORN, and while I wait, I start typing up my own songs.. Tum-te-tum-te=tum . . .

. . . Where are the songs? Come on, people: I know damned well I'm not the only songwright in Atlantia! Let's get those songs in.

Meanwhile, I consult with Dick Eney on the optimum size for a songbook. A dozen songs, he says, will make a distinctly thin one; two dozen, a distinctly fat one. All right, then, I'll aim for twenty. Of which no more than half will be mine. I hope not that many, but as soon as I have ten by someone else -- preferably several someone else -- I put out Volume One.

As of today [March first], I still need eight.

## NEIGHBORHOOD NOTE

Speaking of Dick Eney. He's interested, but he's got too many demands on his time to be a regular contributor; for this reason, he doesn't see taking up space on the roster. When he wants to input, he'll do it in SuD. Also when I hassle him into it. In fact, I'm hoping he'll have something to fill up the blank space in thisish.

I've just run off the first page, and you don't need to tell me I should have used witeout. Be patient; this is the first time I've used Dick's gear from masters to runoff.

18 April Alas, there will be nothing from Dick thisish. I'll have to fill up that white space myself.

Further note on the Songbook. It's beginning to look like a two-barony effort, which is at least better than a one-person one. I'm currently on the track of an exceedingly gifted composer who I think might forget his head if it wasn't rivetted on. I have also been titillated by the statement that I can't have a song because it's obscene. Needless to say, that's the one I'm determined to get my hands on, whether I put it in or not.



And another song, since I have another side to fill.

This one is to the tune of "the Wreck, part 2". I'm told that it is "Yo-h-ho and a Bottle of Rum"; if so, that's not the song I always assumed it was.

(For this one, it helps if you're a Poul Anderson fan.)

### GALACTIC ENTROPY

The cycle closes once again,  
tho Entropy alone knows when.  
But for empires as for mortal men:

History's a shaken sieve;  
and Entropy does not forgive:  
but some must fight, while yet they live,  
the long night falling fast.

History has set the stage.  
The man is fitted to the age,  
and the life-long war he was born to wage:

Imperial maintenance the goal,  
Imperial prowess on patrol;  
walking wounded, flesh and soul --  
the long night falling fast.

Tho comrades fall, he battles still  
with all his strength and cunning skill.  
The strength might fail, but not the will:

Himself the final citadel  
whose fate is easy to fortell;  
still he battles on, tho he knows full well:

The Empire stinks of slow decay.  
Still he fights to halt the Judgement Day:  
until Darth Vader stand at bay  
and the Long Night falls at last.

I refuse to apologise.

Need I point out that on the last set you cycle the tune three times before the refrain.

And that is surely enough. Besides, I have to get this mess over to Bob, and I'm running late.

Vale,

Lee Burwasser



# ANAKREON

---

#1, APA-Filk Mailing #2

1 May 1979

---

## THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE RANAPUBLIC

hine ears have heard the croaking of the Giant Barded Frogs.  
They are swimming through the marshes, they are leaping over logs,  
They are eagerly devouring people, vampire bats, and dogs,  
As they go hopping on!

CHORUS: Glory, glory, ribbit ribbit!  
Glory, glory, ribbit ribbit!  
Glory, glory, ribbit ribbit!  
As they go hopping on!

Their hides are leather shields on which a sword has never stung.  
They have claws upon the forefeet, they have barbs upon the tongue,  
with which they torture women who are sensitive and young,  
As they go hopping on!

CHORUS:

They have armor-plated eyeballs and their teeth are made of brass.  
Their breath corrodes titanium, their voices shatter glass,  
They shoot snake venom from their jaws and napalm out their ass,  
As they go hopping on!

CHORUS:

They'll jump a seven-meter fence, they'll float like a balloon,  
They swim like Flipper's brothers and they're fast as a typhoon.  
In fact, they say that Armstrong found a couple on the Moon,  
As they go hopping on!

CHORUS:



This is the first issue of ANAKREON, a fanzine for APA-File. ANAKREON is published by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226, USA. APA-File is the brainchild of Robert Bryan Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, New York 11596. This issue of ANAKREON is designed for the second mailing, since Bob understandably is reluctant to let me free-load on his duplicating facilities when I have access to my own. But, for the record, let me assert that I was represented in the first mailing with two items which Bob ran off: "Lazarus Woodrow Wilson Long" and "A Moral Victory". (Actually, it's about a year early for election doggerel such as "A Moral Victory", but if Governor Brown and Senator Baker aren't embarrassed about it, I don't see why I should be.)

There is likely to be a strong flavor of Dungeons & Dragons to this issue of ANAKREON. For the uninitiate, this is a gaming system rather than a game. One player works up a dungeon, or a wilderness, or an enchanted forest, or an island, and the others go on an adventure through it in the personae of heroes, wizards, elves, dwarves, virgins, and other mythical beasts. There is a lot of interaction within the company of adventurers, and between them and the various monsters which the "Dungeonmaster" throws at them. Dungeonmasters have devised progressively more horrendous monsters, starting with the traditional dragons and going on to things like gargoyles, blink dogs, cronks, black puddings\*, and APA-Dud's favorite, the Giant Barded Heavy War Frog.

One of the "dungeon" milieux, with a strong influence from the war game Diplomacy, is Slobbovia. Slobbovia was explained, as far as it can be, by Bob in the first mailing, so I don't need to explain it here. Originally, Slobovia was the creation of Al Capp, who worked it into the Li'l Abner strip about 30 years ago when it was still funny. It is a perpetually snow-covered land, inhabited by starving peasants who speak a Slavic-Yiddish dialect, and are usually seen eating or being eaten by wolves, bears, saber-toothed tigers, and other characteristic Slobbovian fauna.

At the time Capp was introducing this mishigoss, I was attending a high school in sunny southern California. Together with three or four other people, I helped assemble the following during a dull chemistry lab:

#### THE SLOBOVIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

(Tune: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean")

Slobbovia got jammed in the Ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free-zing!  
Itch patriot proclaims his devotion,  
Except when he can get somewhere else!  
To the foreigner asking of our homeland,  
We proclaim that Slobbovia is swell,  
But between us loyal Slobbovians,  
We all think that Slobbovia is hell! \*\*  
CHORUS: Three cheers for us all frozen blue!  
Three cheers for us all frozen blue!  
But between us loyal Slobbovians,  
We would gladly give Slobbovia to you!

\* - I give you my word I am not making this up.

\*\* - This was rather daring language for 1940.



## A FILKSINGER AHEAD OF HIS TIME

Joseph Viktor von Scheffel (1826-1886) was a German poet and novelist who filked before the world was ready for it. He wrote a great deal of light verse on scientific or cultural topics, of the sort which today would be called "filksongs". I have translated a few of these, and will release them through AFA-Filk from time to time.

Many of these songs come from a collection entitled Gaudeamus, which was published in 1867 on the 10th anniversary of the founding of one of those German beer-and-duelling college fraternities that make Animal House sound like the Methodist Youth Fellowship. These songs are still sung at German universities.

## The Ichthyosaurus

A roaring is heard in the fern tress,  
The glimmering waves rise high.  
Lamenting with eyes full of teardrops  
The Ichthyosaurus swims by.

He cries that the times are decaying,  
That changes are sweeping and basic,  
That things are not what they used

to be

Back in the good old Jurassic.

"That disgraceful Plesiosaurus  
Does nothing but swill and carowse;  
The Pterodactyl, so they tell me,  
Is flying back drunk to his house.

"The Iguanodon is a lecher  
Each son he brags of his prowess.  
Already, out in the light of day  
He kissed the Ichthyosaress.

"There's surely catastrophe coming,  
For things can't go on as they are.  
I thought the Jurassic was dreadful,  
But worse is Cretaceous by far."

Thus fretted the Ichthyosaurus  
As he sang his Cretaceous lament.  
But his sighs were drowned out by the  
roaring

Of the Flood that the heavens sent.

And all of the Saurus relations  
Died out while a man might have blinked.  
They lay in Cretaceous strata  
Because, of course, they were extinct.

This song of lament has come to us  
In form of a petrified myth.  
It was pressed between fossil album leaves  
Inscribed on a coprolith.

## Jonah: From the Old Assyrian

In the Black whale at Askelon  
Three days this man was able  
To drink until he lay quite stiff  
Beneath the marble table.

In the Black whale at Askelon  
The landlord shouted, "Hey!  
"He's drunk more of my good date wine  
Than I think he can pay!"

In the black whale at Askelon  
The waiter brought the bill.  
Cuneiform upon six bricks  
Showed what he owed the till.

In the Black whale at Askelon  
The guest cried, "Woe is me!  
"My cash all went down in the Lamb  
Of Nineveh-by-the-Sea."

In the Black whale at Askelon  
The clock struck half past four.  
The lubian bouncer grabbed the man  
And threw him out the door.

In the Black whale at Askelon  
A prophet's honored not.  
And if you want no trouble there,  
Then pay for what you got.

## Guano

Far out in the Pacific  
I know a peaceful isle.  
About its rocky shoreline  
The crystal wavelets smile.  
No sail is in its harbor,  
No footprint on the strand,  
But tidy birds by thousands  
Defend that lonesome land.

Each birdie does his duty  
In pious contemplation,  
Digestion dedicated  
To flow like an oration.  
The birds are all philosophers;  
Their basic axiom reads,  
"Just keep your sphincters open,  
And all the rest succeeds."



The task their fathers had begun  
 The children work at still,  
 Refined by tropic sunshine,  
 It piles up like a hill.  
 They see a rosy future,  
 They say, with deep emotion,  
 "As we go down in history,  
 we'll fill up all the ocean."

And good men will appreciate  
 Their efforts far away.  
 In distant Lower Schwaabenland  
 The turnip farmers say,  
 "God bless you, worthy birdies  
 Of distant guano shores.  
 Despite Professor Hegel,  
 The best manure is yours."

### MY GOD, HOW THE DRAGONS ROLL IN!

(Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

McCaffrey's are friendly and helpful,  
 De Camp's are a prize for their skin,  
 While Avram's are hunted for trophies,  
 My god, how the dragons roll in!

CHORUS: Roll in, roll in, my god how the dragons roll in,  
 roll in,  
 Roll in, roll in, my god how the dragons roll in!

Sir Lancelot slew one in England,  
 A man unacquainted with sin.  
 He then met Elaine in her bathtub,  
 My god, how the dragons roll in!

CHORUS:

You'll find them in various Dungeons,  
 They're gold, silver, copper, or tin,  
 They're white, red, green, yellow, or smoky,  
 My god, how the dragons roll in!

CHORUS:

John Vandeville found one at Lango,  
 A beast with a hideous grin.  
 It changed to a beautiful woman,  
 My god, how the dragons roll in!

CHORUS:

The man who killed Grendel and Mama  
 Believed that he always would win.  
 At last he tried one fight too many,  
 My god, how the dragons roll in!

CHORUS:

There's one, so they say, seven-headed.  
 St. John wrote the book that it's in.  
 It's making a beastly great prophet,  
 My god, how the dragons roll in!

CHORUS:

This is

|   |           |
|---|-----------|
| O | At        |
| P | Great     |
| E | Intervals |
| R | This      |
| A | Appears   |
| T | To        |
| I | Inflame   |
| O | Optic     |
| N | Nerves    |

# 926



THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM NEXT TIME! #1  
For APA-Filk #2 May, 1979  
Margaret Middleton, P.O. Box 9911, Little Rock, Ark. 72219

Yes! There is Filk in Arkansas!

Some of you I know and some of you I don't: Robert Lipton I met at Boskone; Evan Jones may or may not recall me from Iggy: I was pouring Tullamore Dew into his Michelob bottle while he was composing those Young Man Mulligan-type verses (I really did intend to put the ones you gave me in Kantéle, Evan. I had them typed up and sent to Clif and everything. He mislaid that sheet while he was printing his pages, though, and didn't find it until he started to pack everything up a week later to take to Chambanacon for collating) John Boardman & Lee Burwasser I've heard of (Peggy Gemignani gave me Lee's address somewhen); Harold, Greg, & Mark are previously unacquainted to me.

Anyway, here I is!

What I am is basically a midwestern-style singer, having learned the trade from Juanita Coulson and Robert Asprin. I play guitar and assompany myself; most of what I write seems to be about filksinging, or else about the Dorsais, Regular and otherwise.

Greg: there is an intriguing implication in your remarks in the first mailing, to the effect that the Star Trek fandom you are involved with is the only group of your acquaintance where filk lyricists sing their own work. In the midwestern group it is almost SOP to have 8 to 10 guitarists on hand at any con, each doing basically his/her own material (though with liberal stealing from singers who don't happen to be on hand to defend themselves).

This is in distinct contrast to what I saw at Boskone. The basic pattern there, at least in the (comparatively) early evening seemed to be sing along with Filthy Pierre and the NESFA hymnal. I also looked in briefly at RBL's roomparty on the 10th floor & saw another group with noses buried in songbooks.

The midwestern pattern, in which I learned the ropes, sets up a group of guitarists along one wall or corner of the room, with the singing lead more or less rotating among them. Non-guitarists join in whenever they know the words (which is most of the time) but there are a number of songs which are traditionally solo or duet pieces.

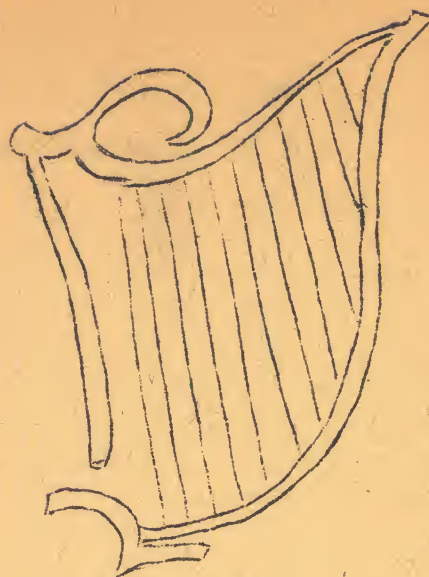
Lee: do you need sheet music on "Mary O'Meara or can I just sing it to your tape recorder? Call me some weekend while the rates are low: (501)568-0938. I don't think anyone's ever written the dune down, though I intend to print it in Kantéle eventually, whenever I can get permission from lyricist & composer.

That's the second time I've mentioned Kantéle; I guess I should introduce it. This is a fanzine which Clif Flynt and I co-edit. It is loosely associated with the Filk Foundation (see ad on back of one of these pages) or can be purchased from Clif at 50¢ per copy currently. His address is 1516 Morton, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103. #2 is radically overdue for distribution now, but #3 should be back on schedule, which is nominally the last month of each quarter. Back issues of #1 can be got from Nebulus books, 503 S. Geddes St., Syracuse, N.Y. 13207. Songs are copyrighted to the authors, and other material is covered by the general copyright on the zine, with rights returned to the contributors.

Ro ert: if people want song lyrics copyrighted to themselves in this, they should type the copyright notice on the stencil or offset master.



# THE FILK



# FOUNDATION

SINGERS, LYRICISTS, & ENTHUSIASTIC LISTENERS NEEDED!

The Filk Foundation is a fannish organization (in the process of becoming a nonprofit corporation) for the purposes of preservation and encouragement of the filk art.

Members receive the quarterly fanzine KANTELE, which contains song lyrics, sheet music for the tunes when possible, guitar chords if we can figure them out, articles about filksinging, and convention announcements for the next quarter year.

Planning is also in progress on the Filk Convention. Members will hear of it first. We are also working with the concons of other conventions on the planning of filksinging space where we can go all night undisturbed and undisturbing.

Memberships are currently \$15 per year, in U.S. funds.

Who to contact;  
in the U.S. Margaret Middleton, P.O. Box 9911, Little Rock, Ark.

in Canada: Sharon Reine, 267 St. George's St. #503, Toronto, Ontario,  
Canada M5R 2P9



THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM NEXT TIME! page 2

Proper format is "Copyright (c) 1984 by Jo Phann" placed at the end of the song or on the bottom of the first page of lyrics.

Filksinging is spreadin west and south; I've got a couple of guitarists started here in Arkansas and another in Oklahoma, and have turned up a lady in Wichita, Kansas who seems to have independently invented the form. The Texans come up with good lyrics, but have not produced many guitarists yet. Sings there generally last as long as my fingers do. Harold: your frozen-camper song reminds me vividly of the "Guadeloupe Mountains Cave Song", anthem of the AGGIE SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. I'll see if I've got it intelligibly on tape anywhere and copy it out. Also; I'm a second-first-thirder myself. Lifting a song nearly entire has to be done carefully and the line between what works and what does not is very fine. I've hit it both sides.

How does cruising down the river on a Sunday afternoon sound to y'all? The Northamericon committee is trying to plan a filk concert for the Sunday riverboat cruise. To volunteer or offer suggestions, contact Bob Roehm, 820 Cambridge Rd. Apt. 165, Clarks-ville, Ind. 47130.

Another filk bash in the works is the First Filk Convention, (Filk-Con I), July 27-29, 1979 at the Arlington Park Hilton in Chicagoland. Registration is \$10 advance/\$15 at the door if you aren't a member of the Filk Foundation, which is sponsoring the event; \$7.50/\$12 if you are (Foundation Membership + Con Registration = \$15 + \$7.50 = \$22.50)

Activities planned include a banquet, at least two sing-rooms (one wired for recording) and discussion groups if anyone volunteers a topic and moderator. Tapes will be made of the singing in the wired room, and the highlights of the proceedings will be extracted onto a master tape. Copies of this, numbered in the manner of limited-edition prints, will be offered to Foundation members and Convention Registrants. For info send SASE to The Filk Foundation, P.O. Box 9911, Little Rock, Ark. 72219 To offer discussion topics (of course you're prepared to be moderator yourself...?) write The Filk Convention, c/o Curt Clemmer, 420 S. Austin, Oak Park, Ill. 60304. Attendance at this first convention will be limited to 200.

Songs from me this time are the first two I ever wrote, and the first which became any sort of filk "hit". Mark: the chorus of "Biggest Filksing" must have been meant for you!

"Ian & Kensie" was the first filk song I wrote. Driving through southern Missouri/northern Arkansas after dark leaves most of the mind free to wander, and some extremely remote associations are made. I was on the way home from I-Con I, and my first total-immersion filksinging experience. When the words started to come, I at first tried to fit them to "Mary Hamilton", but "Henry Martin" wound up working better. I was able to sing the song for Gordon Dickson at Chambanacon within a month of writing it, and was suitably flabbergasted to discover that Al Frank had written an intriguingly parallel song; even using the same folk tune. Sometimes the two lyrics are sung as a set, but not as frequently as they used to be.

"Rat-tail Comb" was written coming home on Ozark Arilines from that Chambanacon; the "Irish Washerwoman" tune was runnign in my head (understandably) after my first all-night sing and after the indignities at the boarding-lounge gate I began scribbling. The final two lines came to me as I was deplaning at St. Louis to change planes for the flight to Memphis.



# FILK CON





IAN & KENSIE

tune: "Henry Martin"

lyric: Margaret Middleton

Am E Am  
Twin brothers there were, come from Foralie-town:

Dm E  
The Graemes of Dorsai were they;  
Am

The finest of soldiers on all fourteen worlds,

Dm E  
Fourteen worlds, Fourteen worlds,

Am C G Am  
Yet were as different as night is to day.

The sunshine of midday 'round Kensie was seen:

The brightness of two men had he;

But Ian was grim as the black dark of night,  
dark of night, dark of night:

No blood, but ice-water was his said to be.

In Blauvain on St. Marie, Kensie did die:

From ambush by snipers was slain;

The soldiers that followed him called for revenge,  
For revenge, for revenge;

But Ian refused them again and again.

The mayors of St. Marie feared for their towns:

Reminded of Rochmont were they;

Blauvain stood surrounded; the troops they did vote,

They did vote, they did vote--

Six hours were allowed, then a search would be made.

Ian followed the killers to their hiding-place,

And faced them alone, so they say;

And all unarmed slew them with hush his bare hands,

His bare hands, his bare hands;

So the blood-debt to the full they did pay.

The soldiers passed by, full ten-thousand and more

As Kensie in honor did lie;

And citizens followed them, half-again more

Again more, again more;

Bidding their hero the final good-bye.

When Ian came last to the casket, alone,

Some thought that no feelings had he;

But some bleed inside where the wounds do not show,

Do not show, do not show--

And two had been one, which would nevermore be.

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THE BIGGEST FILKSING IN THE WORLD  
tune: "The Biggest Airport in the World"  
lyric: Margaret Middleton

I'd never seen so many faces, come from so many places, at one time!  
It was the biggest filksing ever held, it would have blown John Cambell's mind  
Yang and Azarael, the Passovoys, Al Frank, Juanita, Gordy: everyone was there.  
"Old Time Religion" got thrireen new verses and the bellhops got gray hair!

(chorus): Oh, the bheer was flowing free, so I drank a pint or three  
And I had some gin.  
And I looked upon the wine, spilled some vodka down my spine  
And some metheglin.  
'Bout the only thing I wasted was the kummis, 'cause it tasted  
Like a yoghurt swirl (Yikkk)

Now I'm sick and so hungover from the  
Biggest Filksing in the World!  
Oh, they sang of fen and heroes, and of terrifying things  
Man was not meant to see.  
They taught me to drink Tully as the Dorsai do  
And sing close harmony.  
Eventually I fell asleep; the sun was just beginning  
To dispel the gloom;  
And the maids removed at least a half a ton of beercans  
From my hotel room!

Now I sit here eating breakfast, well past noon,  
Contemplating what to do today.  
My head's still pcunding and my tongue tastes somewhat  
Like a bale of moldy hay.  
A siesta seems in order, maybe followed by  
Tequila, salt, and juice of lime;  
And come sundown we will gather, but  
They'll sing in someone else's room this time!

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RAT-TAIL COMB

tune: "Irish Washerwoman"

lyric: Margaret Middleton

C

Oh, this airline security works like a charm

G7

As they paw through your baggage for things that may harm:

C

From Chambanacon-5 I was on my way home

G7

C

When they pounced like a shark on my steel rat-tail comb!

Oh, the Smokey said, "Ma'am, have you baggage checked-through?

I cannot let you board with this weapon on you."

So I dash to the ticket-desk: "Please, sir, your guard

Says I must put this comb here in with my guitar".

So he hunted and searched 'til he spotted the case,

And I stuck the fool comb in, and then had to race

To the boarding-gate, but, as I came into range,

The machine blew the whistle on my pocket-change!

Yes, this airline security really is great:

If they looked any deeper they'd know what I ate!

And to top it all off, when I got to St. Lou--

They had lost the guitar, and the rat-tail comb too!

For that particular trip I was travelling extremely light: the only piece of luggage I had besides my guitar-case was a 12" x 16" x 6" zip-up carry-on bag full of dirty laundry. I'd taken the comb out of my purse and buried it under the laundry so as not to alarm the security people!

"Biggest Filksing" is to a tune which is not so familiar. The original was commercially recorded by country-western singer Moe Bandy the spring before MicAmeriCon, about a gent who had lost his lady in the Dallas-Ft. Worth Airport: The biggest Airport in the World. If you call me or catch me at a con I'll sing it for your tape-recorder but I'm not up to tucking Nashville to track down the sheet music. I first sang the song at MAC, with slightly different phrases in places (originally it was "Young Man Mulligan" that got 13 new verses--the change was made in honor of the OTR binge at Rivercon in July 1977). The roster of singers that I consider ~~ed~~ "everybody" betrays my midwestern training: at the time I was unacquainted with any other group. Various names, juggled to fit the meter, can be substituted to suit your own group.







# SING&PIEL

First  
Stanza

Mark L. Blackman, 2400 Nostrand Ave.  
717, Brooklyn, NY 11210 /212-258-6647  
Begun April 20, 1979 for APA-Filk #2

Actually, this is my second effort for APA-Filk, the first being the Cover for #1. The idea, which was a collaborative effort with Bob, was an homage to Walt Disney's Silly Symphonies, specifically one dealing with a war between the Lands of Classical and Jazz. Certain members of the apa will note the giant barded heavy warpiano.

While I am relatively new to fannish filksongs, I have always been a fan of song take-offs, moving from Allie Sherman to Tom Lehrer. Those of you who know me know how much I like parody in all its forms; and parody is from the Greek for "imitated song." Is "filk" a port-manteau word from "filch" + "folk"?

The theme for this first issue is songs composed at and about work. The Gilbert & Sullivan fans in the apa might be interested in the following burlesque of songs from THE MIKADO written by a coworker of my mother at the NYC Dept. of Welfare during the War. Historical note: during the Depression one had to prove one was literally penniless in order to get relief and many eligible were ashamed therefore to apply. Anyway, these songs satirize bureaucracy:

My object up to date  
I shall now boldly state  
To make the record fit the  
case,  
The record fit the case.

And make each applicant swear  
And swearing, tear their hair,  
They have no assets great or  
small,  
No single asset at all.

\*\*\*\*\*

On a bench in the lobby  
A little old man  
Wept, Pension, Oh pension, Oh pension!  
So I said to him, Little man,  
Why do you sit  
Weeping, Pension, Oh pension, Oh pension?  
Is it the wind that is whining so coldly outside  
Or food that you ate that's not fit to be tried  
That makes you exclaim in a voice full of pain,  
Oh pension, Oh pension, Oh pension?  
With sighs that shook his little old frame,  
He only did sadly and wetly exclaim,  
'Tis not the wind that is whining without  
Or food that's fit only for a pig with a snout.  
'Tis only the fact, now, don't fall from your feet,  
Waiting has worn out my pants in the seat.

\*\*\*\*\*

The forms that go into the files, tra la,  
Have nothing to do with the case,  
But I've got to check them in full, tra la,  
Until I am blue in the face, tra la.  
So that's what I mean when I shout or I yell,  
Take those darn files and throw them to ....!  
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,  
The forms that go into the files.







Apr. 23, 1979

At present, as many of you are aware, I work as a copywriter/-fundraiser at an international aid and development organization. As an insight into the creation of filk songs, let me note that several of us immediately saw resemblances between the names of countries in which we operated and songs. In some cases all we developed was a title and a first line: Bolivia/"Lydia (the Tattooed Lady)," Korea/"Maria," "The Age of Afghanistan" ("When the monsoon's in the seventh month"); for others we wrote whole songs:

I hate Haiti in the springtime,  
I hate Haiti in the fall,  
I hate Haiti in the winter, when  
it drizzles,  
I hate Haiti in the summer, when  
it sizzles;

I hate Haiti every moment,  
Every moment of the year,  
I hate Haiti,  
Why oh why do I date Haiti?  
Because I'm starving there.

\*\*\*\*\*

(Tune - "Dominique")

The Dominican Republic is a  
lovely place to live,  
Providing that you're rich,  
But if you're very poor  
It's the pits you can be sure,  
It's the pits you can be sure.

\*

(excerpt - Tune - "How Are  
Things in Glockamora?")

\*

\*

How are things in Guatemala?  
Is that little school still  
standing there?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*\*\*\*\*

Apr. 24

(Tune - "Tonight")

Belize, Belize, I think I've lost Belize,  
It isn't on the map anywhere;  
Belize, Belize, where can you be, Belize?  
I looked but it just isn't there.

Now I think I've finally found it,  
Just north of Guatemala and south of Mexico.

This map's too old -- British Honduras now is Belize, / Belize!

(In a similar vein, "Ceylon, It's Been Good to Know You": "You're now called Sri Lanka, / And you're not Ceylon anymore.")

\*\*\*\*\*

(Tune - "Oklahoma")

I-I-I-IN-donesia,  
There's a typhoon raging  
through the town,  
And the fields of rice  
Don't look too nice  
When the cyclone comes and  
knocks them down.

I-I-I-IN-donesia,  
Every night my honey lamb and I  
Sit around and wish  
We'd caught some fish  
While the buzzards circle in  
the sky.

We know we belong to the land  
And the land we belong to ain't grand,  
So when we grin, / Hiding sorrow deep within,  
We're only saying, You're in a mess, Indonesia,  
Indonesia I-N-D-O-NES-I-A Indonesia, a mess.







At one time we were considering "Oklahoma" for Guatemala. And speaking of that tune, on a recent Muppets Show they mutated it into "Yokohama."

This past weekend saw the holding of Xenocon at the 92nd St. YMHA (there are definite comic possibilities for a filk of "YMCA") in Manhattan and APA-Filk's Bob Lipton ably running the filksinging with Fred Kuhn. Other of our fellow apans there included Mark W. Richards and Bruce Schneier (at least he was after he bought a copy of APA-Filk #1 from Blipty). I kept running in and out of the filksinging as I wanted to attend some pf the programming -- and wound up participating and helping to supervise (as did Bob). All in all, a relaxing con. By the way, according to Bob, my fanciful etymology for "filk" is just that; the real explanation appears to be much more prosaic: a typo for "folk." One of the highlights of the con was GOH Isaac Asimov singing "Clone of My Own" ("with a Y-chromosome changed to X, / And when it is grown, / That clone of my own, / Will be of the opposite sex").

+++++April 27, 1979

The other day I came up with an alternate song for Sri Lanka: "She Loves You." The lyrics deal with soybeans; I'll spare you.

Coming up with lyrics for filksongs is fun, hard work and exhilirating. Speaking with Bob last week, I mentioned that I was playing around with some lines from the "Pirates' Song" in THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. Two very first-draft versions follow:

Come, friends who plough through space,  
Truce to astrogation, ("The Pirates  
Take another station; of Perseus")  
Let's vary piracee  
With a little butcheree.

Hail, hail, the crew's all here...

A Lensman's lot is not a happy one.

\*\*\*\*\*

"The Pirates of Pennsoil; Or, Now I Know Why  
They Call It an Oil Rig"

Said those who drill for oil,  
"We've no more petroleum  
(Ha, the public is dumb!  
Let lines form at the pumps  
And gas prices will jump!)

(This stuff may not  
always scan.)

"(Yessir, we're millionaires,  
What the heck do we care?)"

---

"Gee, Mark, your singing voice is almost as good as mine  
and John Boardman's." -- Bob Lipton.

*Hummm, Mark*







## FILKSONGS OLD AND NEW, PART II

by Harold Groot

Probably more than anything else, a filksinger likes to hear about someone who likes his/her songs. My favorites from the first issue of APA-FILK are two of Gregory Baker's, "The FILK-APA ANTHEM" and "FIFTY WAYS TO TORTURE TERRANS". About half of the others in the issue deserve honorable mention; however, maybe I'm easily pleased.

In spite of the fact that I like it, "FIFTY WAYS" is incomplete. What about the chorus, Greg? It shouldn't be too hard. You could start:

Get out the Rack, Jack  
Poke out an eye, Cy ...

or, you could use only Klingon names.

One reason for bringing out the above is to lead into my own filksong to the same tune. Only in this one, the Klingons do not exactly come out on top.

### 50 TRIBBLES

(Tune: 50 Ways to Leave Your Lover) by Harold Groot

The tribbles are all inside your head, she said to me  
Which makes for simply awful plumbing efficiency  
It's really disconcerting when you have to pee  
There must be 50 Tribbles in the bathtub

They were imported on a freighter owned by Jones  
Uhura gave one to be watched and fed by Bones  
When Kirk recalls them now he gives out awful moans  
He thinks of 50 Tribbles in the bathtub

(Chorus) Just transport the lot, Scot  
To Davey Jones, Bones  
Or out the lock, Spock  
Just see that they stay.  
This is the end friend  
I don't want them here, clear?  
Send them away today  
And I'll be OK

My chicken sandwich has an awful furry look  
These Tribbles can be found in every crack & nook  
If they aren't cleaned up now I'm going to throw the book  
I don't like 50 Tribbles in the bathtub.

But now he rid of them Kirk has been known to smile  
He has no nightmares where he's buried in a pile  
He thinks of Klingons finding out after awhile  
That they have 50 Tribbles in the bathtub.

(Chorus)



Leaving Star Trek and entering the world of diplomacy, it is only fitting that we write to songs somewhat older than "50 Ways". When I received the copy of the "The Mixumaxu Gazette" (TMG) which announced his Diplomacy Filksong contest, I immediately sat down and wrote the following song. It was the first filksong I'd written in several years. Anyone who thinks it should have been many more years may send appropriate packages (poison, letterbombs, etc.) to Mr. R. B. Lipton.

WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY

by Harold Groot

All I want is a partner who  
Does the things that he says he'll do,  
And to his word is true  
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely

Gives support where he says he will  
Chances of NMR are nill  
All my desires fill  
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely

Oh, so, lovely when I convoy on a fleet not mine  
If he occupies France he will send me some fancy wine  
Doesn't backstab before I do  
Diplomat and tactician too  
Partners like that are few  
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely.

The contest mentioned above started me going again. I've since written dozens of filksongs on several subjects. But diplomacy accounts for around half, including the following:

THATS WHERE MY ARMY GOES

(Tune: That's Where My Money Goes)

by Harold Groot

That's where my army goes  
As everybody knows  
To build more armies you must capture some land  
They'll convoy from the sea  
Then head for Burgandy  
Hey boys, that's where my army goes.

I made a deal with France  
Then kicked him in the pants  
I first took Portugal and then I took Spain  
He died from my attack  
Knife still stuck in his back  
Hey boys, that's where my army goes.

I pledged I'd not make war  
Then landed on the shore  
And in the Vatican the Pope gave a cry  
Venice and Rome I took  
All strictly by the book  
Hey boys, that's where my army goes.



With Turkey I made peace  
Then sent a ship to Greece  
And soon the Bulkan states were open to me  
Turkey was mighty grim  
After I conquered him  
Hey boys, that's where my army goes.

Russia and Germany -  
Neither put trust in me  
That's prob'ly why those two were still in the game  
They were of one accord  
To knock me off the board  
Hey boys, that's where my army goes.

I tried to find a flaw  
Offered a 3-way draw  
But that alliance could not be split in two  
But soon, an NMR  
Ended this crazy war  
Hey boys, that's where my army goes.

I mentioned last time that colleges produce filksongs. One of the usual features of these songs is a large number of verses. People seem to feel more free in adding their own verses, and the songs just keep growing. The Vassar Hygiene song has 20 verses I know and probably more that I don't know about. The following song has "only" nine verses.

THE ENGINEER'S TITANIC  
(Writer Unknown, at least to me)

Oh, they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue,  
And they thought they had a ship that the water would never come through,  
It was on her maiden trip when the iceberg hit the ship,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus: It was sad, it was sad,  
It was sad when that great ship went down,  
To the bottom of the ...  
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Now the iceberg carved a hole in compartment number one,  
And it wasn't very long 'fore the flooding had begun.  
Here the pressure differential was very influencial,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Now a weight was slowly added to this remote location,  
Which resulted in a moment 'bout the center of floatation.  
This set the bow in motion slightly deeper in the ocean,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.



Thus the damaged piece of plating moved down a foot or two,  
And the static head of water caused more water to come through,  
Further weight out on a limb caused more water to come in,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

But the trimming calculations in the semi-flooded state,  
Had the decimal dislocated but by now it was too late.  
It was like the sound of thunder when bulkhead two went under,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Since above the bulkhead level, doors and windows were cut through,  
This brought about a flooding of compartment number two.  
And increase in the trim caused more water to come in,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Toward compartment number three came the madly rushing sea,  
And the laws of Archimedes with respect to buoyancy,  
Could not be violated so the whole damn thing deflated,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Well, the force of gravitation had been balanced up to now  
By the transverse inclination of the slowly sinking bow.  
But its good was now expended, equilibrium thus ended,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Thus the liner slowly vanished from the surface of the sea,  
To a place where forces balance and where moments cannot be.  
As the shipowners repent and we solemnly lament,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

The comment on verses above was written before I received my copy of MICROFILK, which contains a rather large number of verses of certain songs. You can look at the hundred or so verses of Young Man Mulligan and decide for yourself what the relative rates of insanity are for students and fen.

One of the purposes of these articles is to introduce filksongs on a wide variety of topics, not just SF. Insanity is not limited to SF, although it sometimes appears to be more concentrated there. One of my hobbies while in college was Time-Speed-Distance (TSD) road rallies. The following song was generated in one of my many moments of madness. For the uninitiated, GI means General Instructions, POR means Press On Regardless, and DLBF means Dead Last But Finished. The tune is Led Zeppelin's Stairway to Heaven. It takes many phrases directly from the original, as this was my favorite style at the time. It doesn't have many rhymes, but then neither does the original.

(Since I have space here, my address I give again for those who wish to send praise. For those who don't, I can only say "Keep those cards and letters, folks.")

1100 Penn Center Blvd.  
Apt. 713  
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15235



Datsun to Patchogue

by Harold Groot & Jeff Klein

There's a driver who's sure that he knows the GIs  
and he's driving a Datsun to Patchogue.  
He took the first left, even though onto dirt  
now he's driving a Datsun to Aquebogue.

Now he's lost and he cannot find Patchogue.

'Twas a sign on the wall, but he didn't make sure  
and you know sometimes words have two meanings.  
On a tree by the brook, if he followed the book  
was a clue that would lead him to restart.

Oh, it makes me wonder  
Oh, it makes me wonder

There's a feeling he gets when he looks to the west  
with the United Nations before him.  
In his thoughts he has seen headlight beams through the trees  
and the timers of those who stand waiting.

Oh, it makes me wonder  
Oh, it really makes me wonder

And it's hinted that soon, if he follows the moon  
that the left fork will take him to restart  
And a new day will dawn, for those who are lost  
and the forest will echo with laughter.

If there's an addend to your GIs that you don't know  
it's just a wrong turn down a dead end.  
Yes there are two paths you can go by, but in the long run  
there's still time to change the road you're on.

And it makes me wonder

Your starters humming but it won't go, in case you don't know,  
the tow-truck's calling you to join him.  
Dear driver did you see that stop sign, and did you know  
your pathway lies on the crossroad

And as we wind on down the road, our Datsun hanging close behind,  
here comes a checkpoint we all know, who shines a light but doesn't know  
to time the truck, or car in tow.

And if you scream out very loud that you will finish it or else,  
that you will POR tonight, then you may get DLBF

And he's towing a Datsun to Patchogue.



Considering the number of verses (and authors) that "Young Man Mulligan" has, I consider it almost a filksinger's duty to provide a few myself. YMM may become the first filksong to have a thousand verses (a kiloverse?). Of course, this is assuming that (a) it doesn't already have a thousand, and (b) no other filksong does. I am not prepared to accept bets on either point at this time.

I gave singing lessons to young Robinton  
While riding sweep I saw Menolly run  
And when Canth fell from the sky  
I could hear sweet Brekke cry  
"I'm so glad you dropped in - please excuse the pun."

In the hall of Giants I provided Harald with a spell  
Then went hiking with the wanderer down to the gates of Hell  
When I got hit by snow I caught the Fimbulwinter Flu  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do.

I'm the one gave Doc Basalmo her degree  
Built computer that would set all Loonies free  
And I taught the Mother Thing  
Just exactly how to sing  
And to Mr. DuBois taught H. & M.P.

I wrote the Index Major for the Museum of Man  
But left the job of Curator for some unlucky fan  
When I arranged a Con I gave new meaning to SNAFU  
And that's about the strangest thing that man will ever do.

If "Kiloverse" means 1000 verses, does this shed new light on the real meaning of "Universe"?

Has anyone else noticed how nicely the even numbered verses fit to "McNamara's Band"?

The title of this article promises "Filksongs Old" as well as "Filksongs New". This one certainly qualifies. Although I don't know the author, it is not hard to place the date.

Tune: Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Drink to me only with good hard cider  
or rye, or a scotch highball.  
Drink to me with any old thing  
just as long as it's alcohol.  
For now that the wets have won the day  
and prohibition is through,  
to drink to me only with thine eyes  
is a hell of a thing to do.

If anyone has noticed a certain lack of continuity in this article it's because some pages (like this one) were written/typed/sent later than the others. This is because I am subject to (occasionally lengthy) trips without much notice, so I send it as I write it.



This next song is a bit out of season. It is popular among collegiate outing clubs, probably having been written by a member thereof. The tune, of course, is "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

### GORY, GORY (SKIER'S)

"Is everybody ready?" asked the starter of the race.  
Our hero bravely answered "Yes!" and kickturned into place.  
He calmly waved to all his friends, a smirk upon his face,  
Oh, he ain't gonna race no more!

Chorus:

Gory, Gory, What a helluva way to die,  
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,  
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die,  
Oh he ain't gonna race no more.

He yawned at his opponents, said the race was as good as won,  
He'd ski the course blindfolded, just to have a little fun,  
With bandaged eyes he jettied off, his bindings came undone,  
Oh he ain't gonna race no more.

Chorus

He felt the wind, he felt the cold, he felt the sudden drop,  
He tried to stem, he tried to check, and then he tried to stop,  
His fatal error dawned on him: He should've stayed on Top!  
Oh he ain't gonna race no more.

Chorus

He hit each pole that set the course, and twelve spectators too,  
He came roaring 'cross the finish wearing garlands of bamboo,  
Two were killed and four were hurt, and six were black-and-blue,  
Well he ain't gonna race no more.

Chorus

There was blood upon the bindings, there was brains upon the boots,  
There was gore upon the treetops and intestines on the roots  
They scraped him up from off the snow and poured him from his boots,  
Oh he ain't gonna race no more.

Chorus

They took him to the hospital and fixed him up real great,  
But they took off all his arms and legs, a sad and lonely fate,  
Now he's working in an office hired as a paperweight,  
Oh he ain't gonna race no more.

Chorus



They fashioned him a coffin from the splinters of his skis,  
And sang him a requiem in a dozen different keys.  
He was a damn good skier but he wouldn't bend his knees,  
Oh he ain't gonna race no more.

Chorus

(Slowly) Now listen all you skiers, ere you buy a pair of skis,  
Why take the change of cracking up, or risking the deep freeze?  
There are quicker, slicker ways to go, all guaranteed to please,  
And we ain't gonna race no more, no more,  
And we ain't gonna race no more.

As the title implies, there is at least one other "Gory, Gory." It will probably be put in a later article. In fact, I may even write one myself (love that chorus).

This last song was written just to fill this page. I'm into CB radio, so I decided to make that the subject. The tune: "Santa Claus is Coming to Town"

#### UNCLE CHARLIE'S COMING TO TOWN

by Harold Groot

You better not swear  
Or warm up your feet\*  
There's someone around  
You don't want to meet  
Uncle Charlie's\*\* coming to town.

\*a "footwarmer" is a linear amplifier, which is illegal  
\*\* The FCC

He's making a list  
Checking it twice  
Ten thousand's the fine  
For those who aren't nice  
Uncle Charlie's coming to town.

If you step on your neighbor  
He might just place a call  
His television told him  
You raised Texas wall-to-wall.

So, you better not swear  
Or warm up your feet  
There's someone around  
You don't want to meet  
Uncle Charlie's coming to town.

Well, that about wraps this up. Anything else will just have to go into the next issue. I had hoped to be at Origins/Dipcon, but my brother's wedding is smack dab in the middle of it, in California. RATZ!! Now what do I say? THE CZAR IS A GRONK - no, that's been done already.

Clerk, adjourn me out of here!

Goodnight, Maxwell



RAVINGS OF A TONE-DEAF BARD #2  
(formerly THE FILFOFILIAC)

Welcome to what used to go by the deranged name of FILFOFILIAC. This is published for Apa-Filk by Mark William Richards of 3120 Wilkinson Avenue, Bronx, NY 10461. This is Khentor Press Empires Publication Number 27.

In case you wish to forget, FILFOFILIAC was that pretentious garbage that greeted the bleary eyes of the readers of this zine on its maiden voyage--in the back. I apologize. I was not myself when I wrote that. In fact, I was the Herr Baron Sacher-Masoch de Sade--a composite personality that chose to express itself rather strongly that night. But I leave such matters to the doctors who will eventually see fit to commit me . . .

A song. A Slobbovian song (omighod, you mean we have to hear this stuff from both him and Lipton . . .)

BALLAD TO LEBRONOV'S NIKOLAI

Lyrics: Mark William Richards (with much help from the original)  
Melody: Herod's Song, from JC SUPERSTAR

Min Horc, I'm overjoyed to meet you face to face,  
You've been getting quite a name all around the place,  
Conquering armies, issuing edicts wide,  
Now I see you rule it all, at least that's what you've cried.

So you are the Czar, the glorious Czar,  
Enforce this edict if you can,  
Prove you're not just any man.  
Do this for me, and I'll bow down to thee,  
C'mon Czar of the Slobs.

Min Czar you won't believe the subjects that you've won,  
We all agree that you're top honcho, you are number one,  
Oh what a pity if it's all a lie,  
Still I'm sure that you can rock the cynics if you try.

They say you're the Czar, the wonderful Czar,  
Let's put the matter to a vote,  
(Bet the nobles cut his throat),  
If you survive, I will know you ain't jive,  
C'mon Czar of the Slobs.

I only ask things I would ask of from my Czar,  
A man fit to hitch a ride on Pikard Schneider's star,  
I am waiting, **yes** I'm a captive fan,  
I'm dying to be shown that you're not just any man.

So if you are the Czar, the unbeatable Czar,  
Dethrone a prinz or two this week,  
Then go on and make it stick.  
Has something gone wrong? Why do you take so long?  
Explain please Czar of the Slobs.







Hey, don't they all call you Czar? Didn't you say you were Czar?  
 You mean that was all last week?  
 Someone else is at the peak?  
 There's no need to stay,  
 Sorry min horc  
 So long min horc  
Neurse schivosk min horc Count.

This song is rooted in the recent events in the ridiculous world of Slobbovia. Nikolai Vurklemeyer, whose claim to the throne was shaky to begin with according to some folks, had more or less abdicated. Yet he had not given up the lands he held as Czar. When his successor, Ivan Dragomilov, abdicated some few hours after being abdicated to (he had had a very legitimate claim to be Czar, and many even considered him as such even during the previous two reigns; he had also gotten sick of the whole deal) without naming a successor, the person playing one Vasili Lermontov claimed that Nikolai had never abdicated. To complicate matters, the person playing the Count's wife also spoke for Nikolai, saying that Nikolai had abdicated, and to leave the matter alone. Plus the fact that there are two much stronger contenders for the throne, Prinz Jurgen of Jamul (who had been elected) and Prinz Dimitri of Venturia, Nikolai's uncle. Add to that the fact that Dimitri holds the imperial capital . . .

Ah yes, translations. A Count is a former Czar. Min horc means "my lord" approximately. Let Lipton tell you about the phrase "Neurse Schivosk."

Next time I should have something more general, plus another Slob song, provided I find a tune for it.

Misplaced Melodies (Comments)

Cover: What can I say? So I won't say it; I'll leave comment to the talking pipe.

QWXB!! (Baker): How can there be a clean version of Bastard King of England? This ruins completely my faith in man's basic sense of gutter-mindedness. How did you learn the guitar, anyway? Essence of Con is quite good. This is the first time I've seen it.

Something of Note (Lipton): SLOBINZONGBUE must be revised.

I know (or now I know) all the songs here from the Zhurnal, so I won't bother commenting, except that you're, as usual, fair.

Filksongs ... (Groot): Another dippy fan? Join Slobbovia!

John Boardman: Better serve up Moral Victory for the GOP also. There is actually going to be a contest in the GOP!(?)

Quagmire (Jones): Postage due? Ghod! Evan is a cronk!

Vol. 1 #1 (Burwasser): Welcome. Again.

Filkofiliac (Me): How did this dreck get in?

I've run out of space. Bye now.

Bog Bless,

*Mark William Richards*



